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Who ate
my cookie?!"

<http://www.violetoyes.net/dust>

ROSE-COLORED TIMES



((#1.00\\trade))

((do you ever have that dream...))

One

ONCE UPON A TIME:



Welcome to issue one of my zine, Rose-Colored Times. I'm still in disbelief that it's FINALLY done. My apologies go out to the few who I made wait forever for it. What else am I supposed to say in this thing? Hmmm... the title is from one of my favorite Lisa Loeb songs, just incase you cared. All the photography (minus some backgrounds/random things), writing, etc. was done by moi unless stated otherwise. I suck majorly at introductions so I'll shut up. Welcome to my zine!

xoxo,

Justine M

PS- Make it to the last page and I'll give you a cookie!

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LIANA PIXIE: MANSON560@HOTMAIL.COM

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Yep kiddies, it's over!

BORING INFO YOU MAY OR MAY NOT CARE ABOUT:

Many many thank yous to Liana and most importantly my mother. Without her this thing wouldn't exist (hey, I wouldn't exist either...). Plus, she just rocksl! Yay!

If you want to know when issue #2 is done drop me an e-mail. I'm also in love with my (full?) mailbox. Write me and tell me what you think of my zine, what you had for breakfast, or whatever else is on your mind.

Also, if you want to trade zines, ads, fliers, whatever or want your ad in here let me know. And if you want to distro this thing-er-ma-bob drop me a note/e-mail and I'll worship the ground you walk on. All my contact info is on the back.

Rock on!

Justine M



xoxo...



Look for

RET there :)



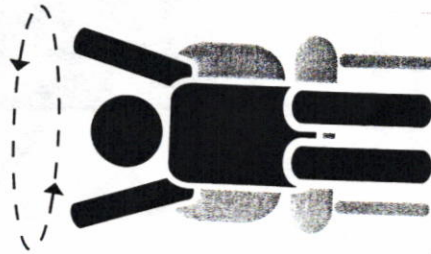
Contact *nichwackin@rich*
BEANTOWN
ZINETOWN5
wackin.org



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See, fluff
can be fun

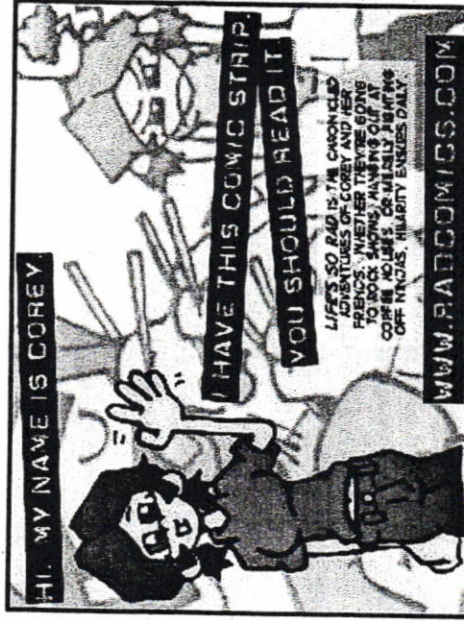


hey! no!



zorrappixie.tripod.com

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www.insomniacmachine.com

33

"Did you know that some-
thing boring happened to
someone ugly in the Middle
Ages?" -Rachel (Jennifer
Aniston), of NBC's Friends, after
watching too much Discovery
Channel with Ross (David
Schwimmer)

"rose-colored times"

by lisa loeb

those were rose-colored times on rides with your eyes closed.
those were rose colored times on rides with your eyes open wide.

shabby tried to comb her hair with the gift from her grandma, her blood.
tangled, she got half way.
sticky and powdered with dirt from the ground where her mamma had left her.
had left her.
left her.

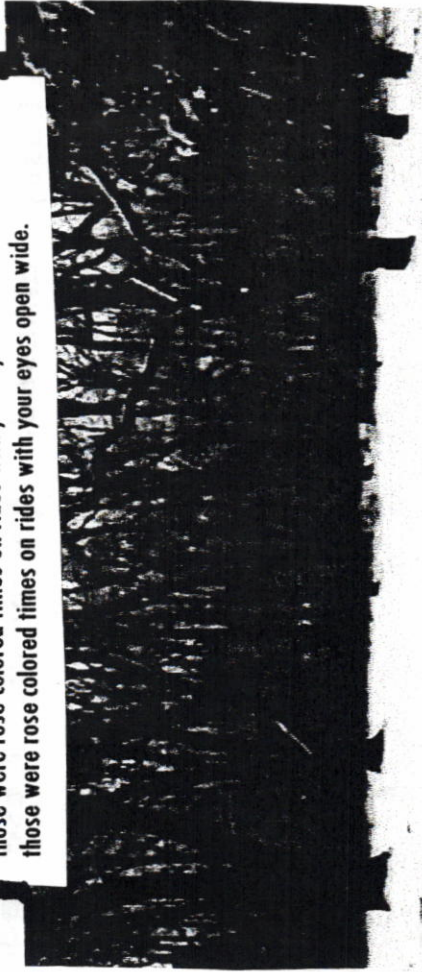
those were rose-colored times on rides with your eyes closed.
those were rose colored times on rides with your eyes open wide.

rusty the screen door, she opened it.
raised from the ground.

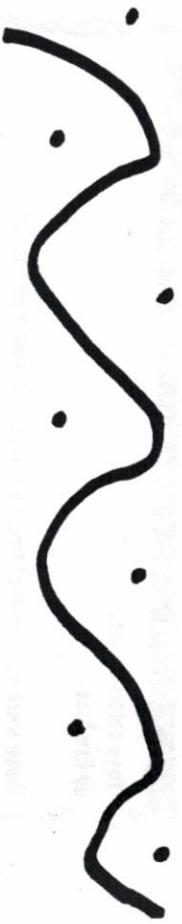
mamma left me her ring, mamma left me no family,
just bar stools, and boyfriends, and whiskey at nighttime, and bedtime,
bedtime.

i'll go with the man who looks like my father,
the neighbors all tell me to go with him.
he better take caution, he better take care of me,
'cause if he don't, he better beware of me.

those were rose-colored times on rides with your eyes closed.
those were rose colored times on rides with your eyes open wide.



2



Girl. Poet. Photographer. Artist.

Introvert. Loud. quiet. Shy. Sarcastic.

Observer.

Over-anal

Over-emotion

Unpredictable.

Musical. L

Funky.

Zinester

Quirky

Stubb

Easily amused. Annoying. Obsessed.

Playful. Lost. Open-minded.

Opinionated. Me. leader. Odd. Short.

Tiny. Faerie. Glittery. Manic.

Complains too much. Easy-going.

A contradiction. *never underestimate the power of a bored girl w/ stupid hats!*



Fickle.

too easily.

Creative.

Bisexual.

Unique.

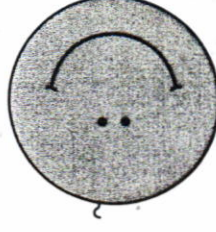
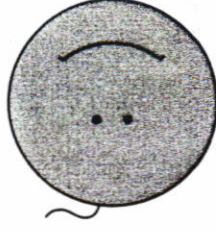
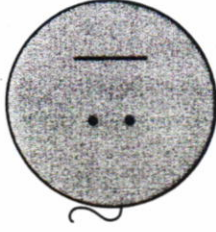
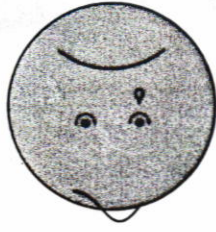
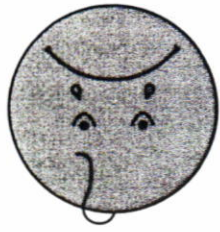
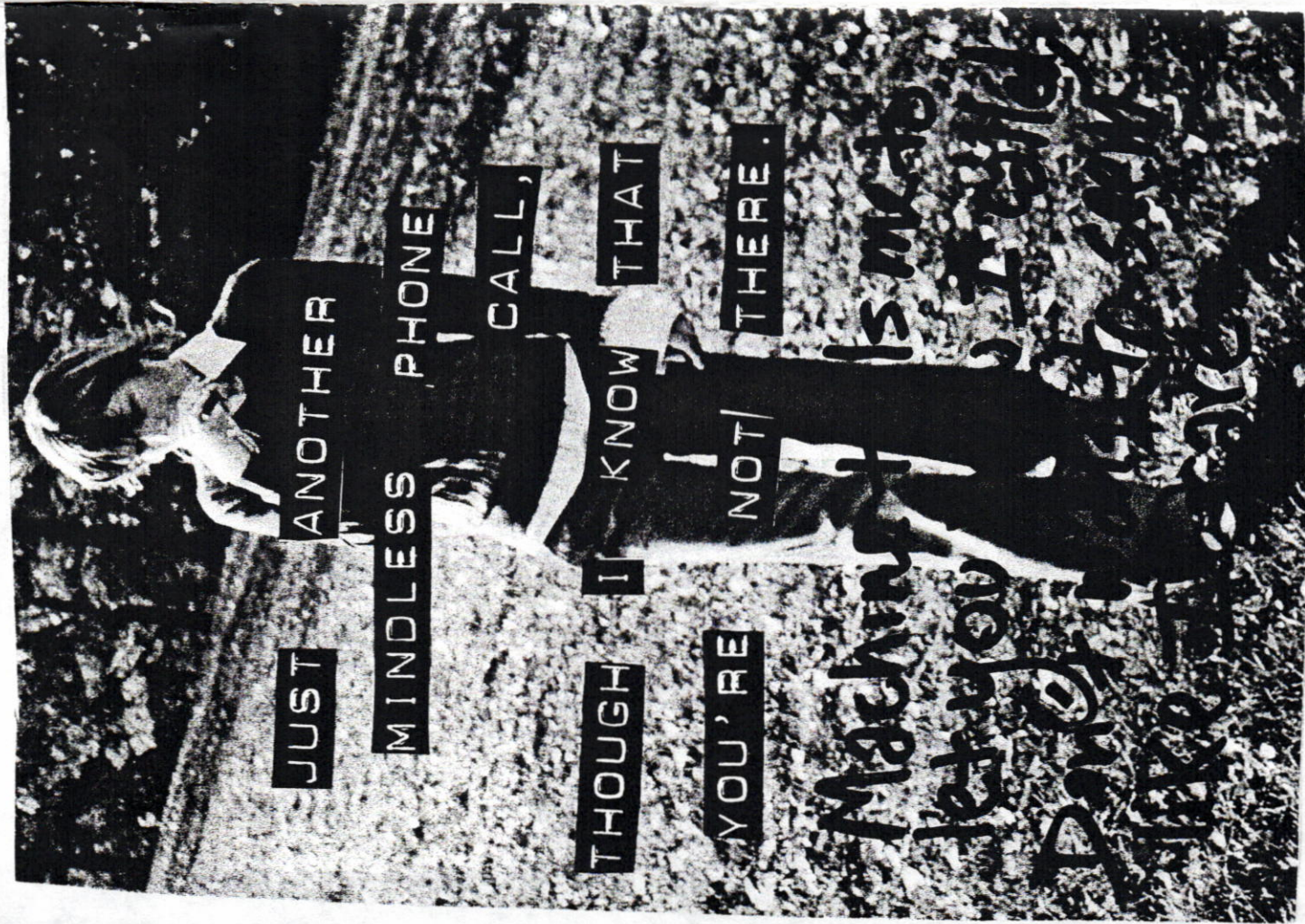
Hyper.

Tired.



SICK OF THIS PLACE

I'M STARTING TO GET SO SICK OF THIS PLACE
 I'M SICK OF SEEING LIFE IN BLACK AND WHITE
 LOCKED UP IN A LENS
 SICK OF WRITING
 INSTEAD OF DOING
 I HATE THAT WHEN I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY
 I TURN TO MY POETRY
 RATHER THAN SAY IT OUT LOUD
 I'M SICK OF THE SAME OLD ROUTE
 SAME OLD HIGHWAYS
 THESE IDENTICAL TREES AND CLOUDS
 JUST AREN'T DOING IT FOR ME
 ANYMORE
 I'M SO SICK OF THIS EVERYDAY ROUTINE
 TIRED OF SITTING AROUND
 I'M SICK OF THESE PEOPLE
 SICK OF MY FRIENDS BEING SO FAR AWAY
 SAME DAMN DRIVE
 REPEATS DAY AFTER DAY
 I'M SO SICK OF THIS PLACE



"I tell everyone I hate fake people
yet I am one myself. I walk around
with a huge plastic smile plastered
on my face and not many people
know the real me. sometimes I feel
like I live to please others."

"I wanna wipe the
plastic smile off
my face / I wanna
go in without entering
the race / I wanna
Say WHAT I
MEAN + MEAN
WHAT I SAY..."

LIANA



11 reasons why I ♥ my Liana:

1. She's my partner in crime (& we always get away with it!).
2. She can pull off a nickname like Liana Penis.
3. I can tell her anything.
4. She'll hide in the bathroom with me instead of going to lunch.
5. She's the most creative person ever.
6. She'll put up with my rambling @ three in the morning.
7. She's as coffee-addicted as I am.
8. She'll sit with me in the art section of Barnes & Nobles for hours.
9. Because of her we get the cutest waiters ☺
10. She agreed to sit in a car with me for over 6 hours on a trip to Boston (the fact that she can't go is a different story). Being in a car with *me* for long periods of time? Now that's friendship!
11. She's always herself no matter what anyone says or thinks.

...and that is why issue #1 is dedicated to Miss Liana Pixie, the best best friend in the whole world!

Diner in Montclair

Dressed in black combat boots,
Smoking a stale cigarette,
I'm ready for action,
Ready for battle,
Ready for heartbreak if it comes.

And I left all my friends behind,
Because I was told to deal with problems that weren't mine,
But I was really alone anyway,
And that don't matter,
'Cause I have my own shit to deal with today.

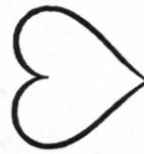
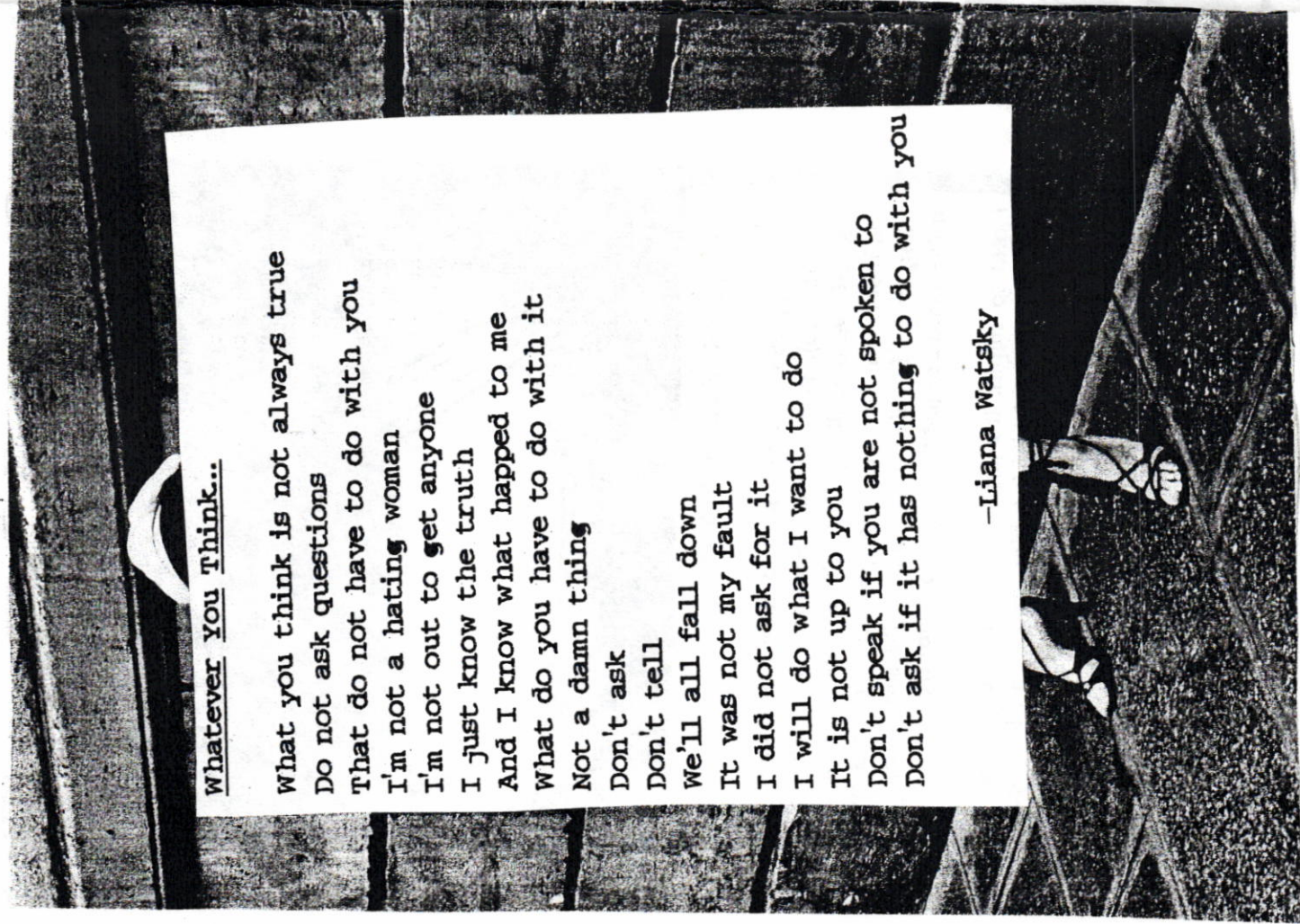
Now we're sitting here discussing life over coffee,
In some little diner in Montclair,
Isn't that just typical of you and me,
And I think this has gotta end some time,
Because what is the point of one sided love?



Whatever You Think...

What you think is not always true
 Do not ask questions
 That do not have to do with you
 I'm not a hating woman
 I'm not out to get anyone
 I just know the truth
 And I know what happened to me
 What do you have to do with it
 Not a damn thing
 Don't ask
 Don't tell
 We'll all fall down
 It was not my fault
 I did not ask for it
 I will do what I want to do
 It is not up to you
 Don't speak if you are not spoken to
 Don't ask if it has nothing to do with you

—Liana Watsky



XOXO.

6

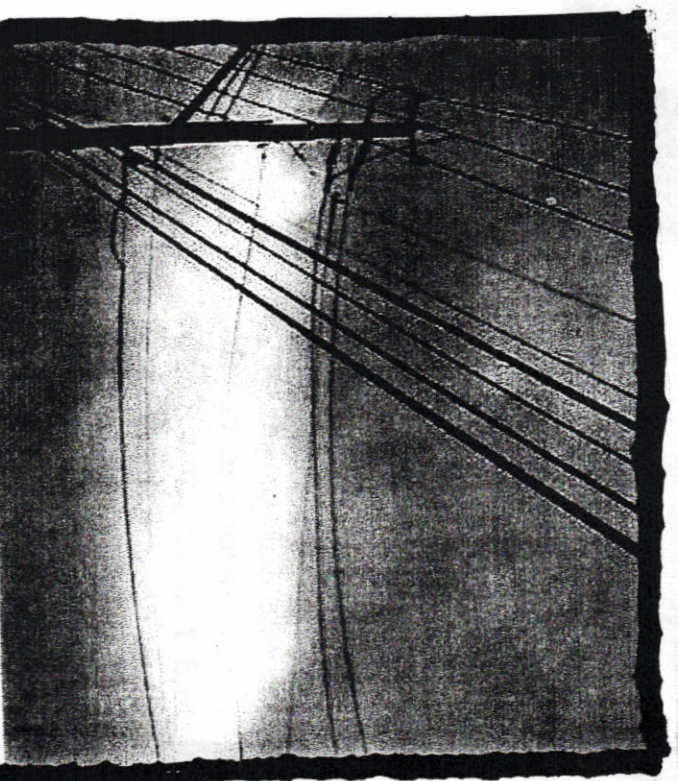


Liana + Breezy!



Missing You

And I wrote it in the sky.
Michelle-
You told me stars were forever.
Yet they flicker and fade,
Crash and burn,
Fall to the ground,
And get lost among the wreckage.



12/31/2001 - 8:55pm-9:16pm

i got way too attached to that stupid photograph (and to you). that was the first time you actually touched me. actually, you didn't just touch me, as in skin meets skin. you held me, your arms around my waist, and i felt like if you let go i'd slip away. it makes me dizzy just thinking about that day.

i feel so stupid. it's just a piece of paper. when i decided to get rid of it i cried and then i laughed. that tiny piece of paper seemed so... indestructible. they say a picture is worth a thousand words.

Awful

I want to tell them all,
How awful you are.
They look at you with such admiration,
I wonder if they'd still love you,
Even though they knew,
The awful things you did,
The awful words you said.
Would you still be adored?

(Maybe, just this once,
I should break my vow of secrecy,
And help you make the news.)

I've tried to warn them,
Time after time,
With my stupid little hints.
Maybe I'm invisible,
But I get the feeling,
That somehow they already know,
And couldn't care at all.

Or maybe they're just pretending,
That it never happened.
(Silence equals joy?)
Thinking time will erase itself,
(Time is greater than forever.)
If they could simply burry,
This awful truth,
Deep underground,
Cover it with pure lies.

But you and I both know,
Time cannot rewrite itself,
Change the old.
I wish that you were sorry,
Told them how awful you are,
So I could laugh-
Say,
"I told you so."

Instead I'm here suffering in silence,
Clinging to my ignorant family,
Who will never want to realize,
How awful you really are,
How awful you really were.

Fire

I will set myself on fire
'Cause I can't feel the warmth of ~~your~~ ^{your} touch
I will light a match and go

Go up
Go up in flames
To find warmth
I have lost the warmth
The warmth in your touch
It is not longer in my soul

I'm cold
I'm nothing in your eyes
I do not give a damn
What am I to do
What will I have to do
After I have just beaten you

I like the misery that you put me through
All the sick things I could do to you
I'm wishing that I could tell you
Tell you all the things I have said about you
I'm wishing that you could hear
Cause if you did you would die

Am I telling lies
You cannot make me stop
The madness I have made
It is all ok now

They all know about you
All the things you did
I would have you dead
If you touch
Touch her
I will



NOT SO A PUNK ROCK



I'd just like to inform you that I am not, and never will be, "punk rock". I hate being told I'm a poser because I pretend I'm punk. Someone tell me when I told someone else I was punk? I listen to one or two pop-punk bands, but obviously that's not "hardcore" enough for you. Yeah, I shop at Hot Topic, so what? That must mean I think I'm punk, right? If your motto is "don't label me" then why are you labeling others?

Yes, I own safety pins and I know what the damn anarchy symbol looks like. But don't say I'm trying to be anything unless I tell you otherwise.

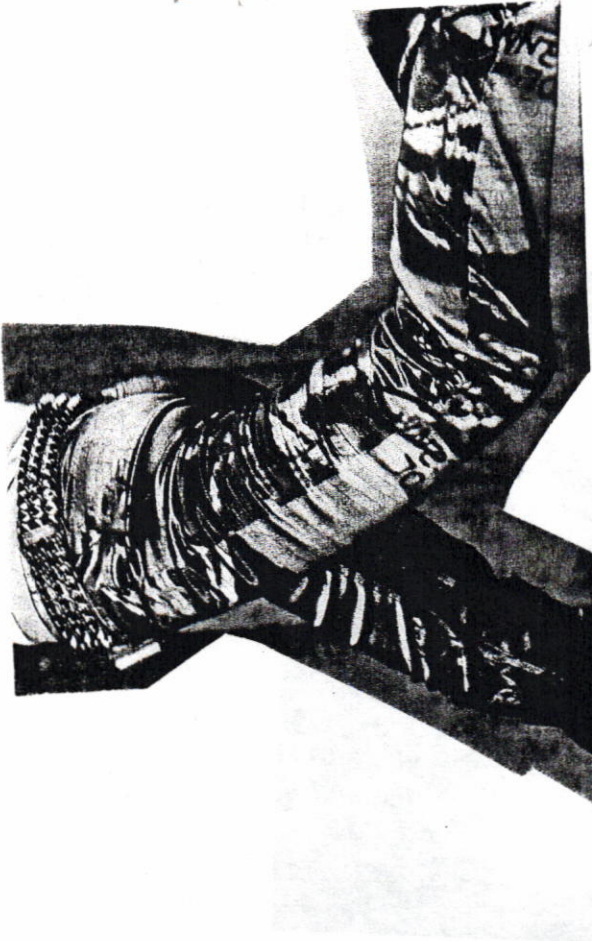


To prevent myself from sounding like a total bitch, this was written when I got home from the mall + a few kids were harassing me, this is directed @ them.

26

Do the unspeakable to you
Something is not right
You did me wrong
You used her up
You went some place that you should not
There is something going on
Going on in the dark places of my mind
It has been here for a very long time
I will end the game
I will win
And you
You
What about you
You
So cold
So icy
They told lies about
About what you did
Made you look good
So you did not get what I got
She lied
Lied about what you did
What was done
What was done to daddy's little girl
You lied to them
Said I was crazy
Said I wanted it
I asked for it
But I never did
I was just a scared little girl
Living in your cold world

--Liana Watsky



Untitled

One day I'll go to London
 She said, she thought
 I'll make something happen
 Create my own drama
 Act one, scene four
 A girl held back by a boy
 A friend, a lover
 Keeping her from her dreams
 Like leather straps, like chains
 Like a lock to the door
 Of the room she's created
 Everything I wanted
 Everything and more
 The stupid kid who thinks he knows me
 Thinks he owns me
 But I'm not for sale
 I said, I thought
 I wish I was stronger
 Wish I could pull it all together
 Then leave
 But I can't
 Because I'm yours
 And maybe that's how it's supposed to be
 Cut to a theater somewhere in London
 Act one, scene four
 A girl held back by a boy
 By her anger, her fear, her pain
 By you

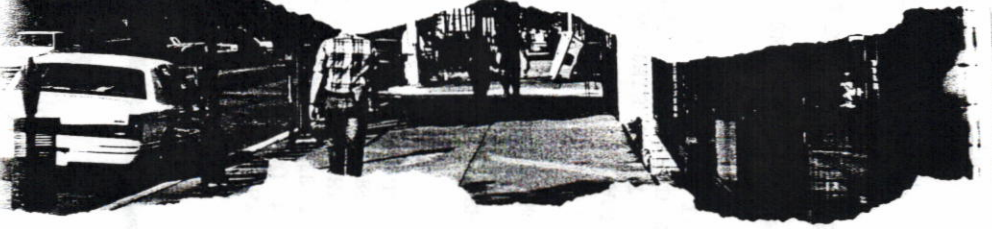
Paper Cuts and Angel Wings

I made myself some angel wings,
 Because my old ones were torn and broken,
 I took a piece of loose-leaf paper,
 Pure and clean and neat,
 And folded it into intricate patterns,
 So that I could look beautiful,
 But they gave me paper cuts,
 And ended up stained instead.

I made myself some angel wings,
 'Cause mine had gotten lost,
 I spent three days,
 Trying to make them pretty,
 But walked away with only paper cuts,
 And messed up angel wings,
 Dirty and red.

I made myself some angel wings,
 To impress all my friends,
 To make them believe I was one of them,
 But they laughed at me,
 And turned their heads.

No one likes a stained angel,
 Broken, torn, and lost,
 No one likes paper cuts,
 And angel wings,
 Made of something so simple,
 No one likes someone different,
 Attempting to conform is the default,
 No one likes a stained angel,
 With one too many faults.





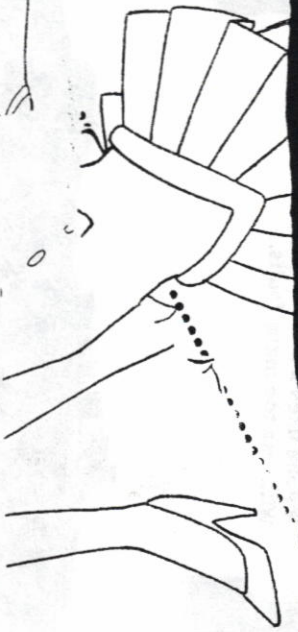
IS IT REALLY JUST A NUMBER?

I REALLY HATE THE FACT THAT AFTER PEOPLE FIND OUT HOW OLD I AM THEY DON'T WANT TO LISTEN TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY. JUST BECAUSE I'M FIVE OR SIX YEARS YOUNGER THAN YOU MY OPINIONS SUDDENLY DON'T MATTER. I'M SURE THEY WOULD HATE IT IF SOMEONE OLDER THAN THEM SAID THE SAME THING. THESE PEOPLE ARE THE SAME PEOPLE WHO SAY THEY WON'T TOLERATE RACISM, HOMOPHOBIA, SEXISM, AND THE LIKE. ISN'T AGEISM JUST AS BAD?

YEAH, I'M FOURTEEN. SO WHAT? ALL MY TIME ISN'T SPENT WORRYING ABOUT MY HAIR OR WHICH BACKSTREET BOY IS CUTER. I THINK AND FEEL JUST LIKE YOU DO. HONESTLY, WE HAVE A LOT MORE IN COMMON THEN YOU'D THINK.

SO ARE MY OPINIONS NOT VALID NOW THAT YOU KNOW MY AGE? ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE EVERYTHING I SAY FROM THIS POINT ON WITH A GRAIN OF SALT BECAUSE I'M YOUNG AND IMMATURE? DOES EVERYTHING I'VE WRITTEN BECOME MEANINGLESS BECAUSE I'M FOURTEEN?

(PS- I COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT THE BACKSTREET BOYS OR MY HAIR)



CAR PIC #2...

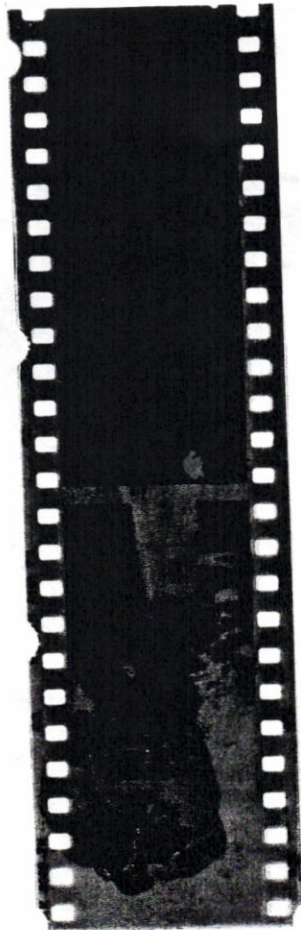


Winter
2002

Hackensack, NJ



Car Pic #1:
Teaneck, NJ
Winter '02



Letter to a Boy

I had a dream last night,

That it was this September,

We were together,

We were one.

And I woke up crying,

Because I hate reunions,

I hate you.

Defining The Term "Whore"

By Miss Liana Watsky

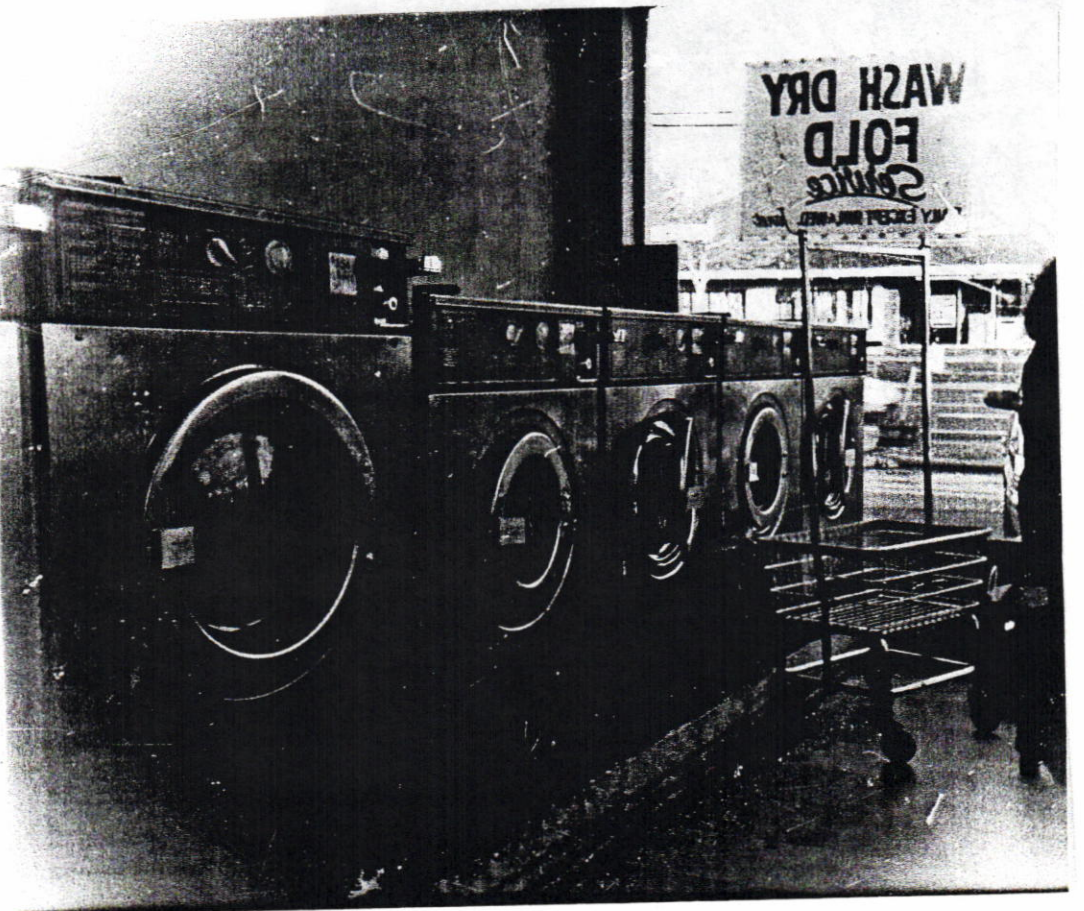
- whore (hŏr, h r) n.
1. A prostitute.
 2. A person considered sexually promiscuous.
 3. A person considered as having compromised principles for personal gain

- whored, whor'ing, whores... v.
1. To associate or have sexual relations with prostitutes or a prostitute.
 2. To accept payment in exchange for sexual relations.
 3. To compromise one's principles for personal gain.

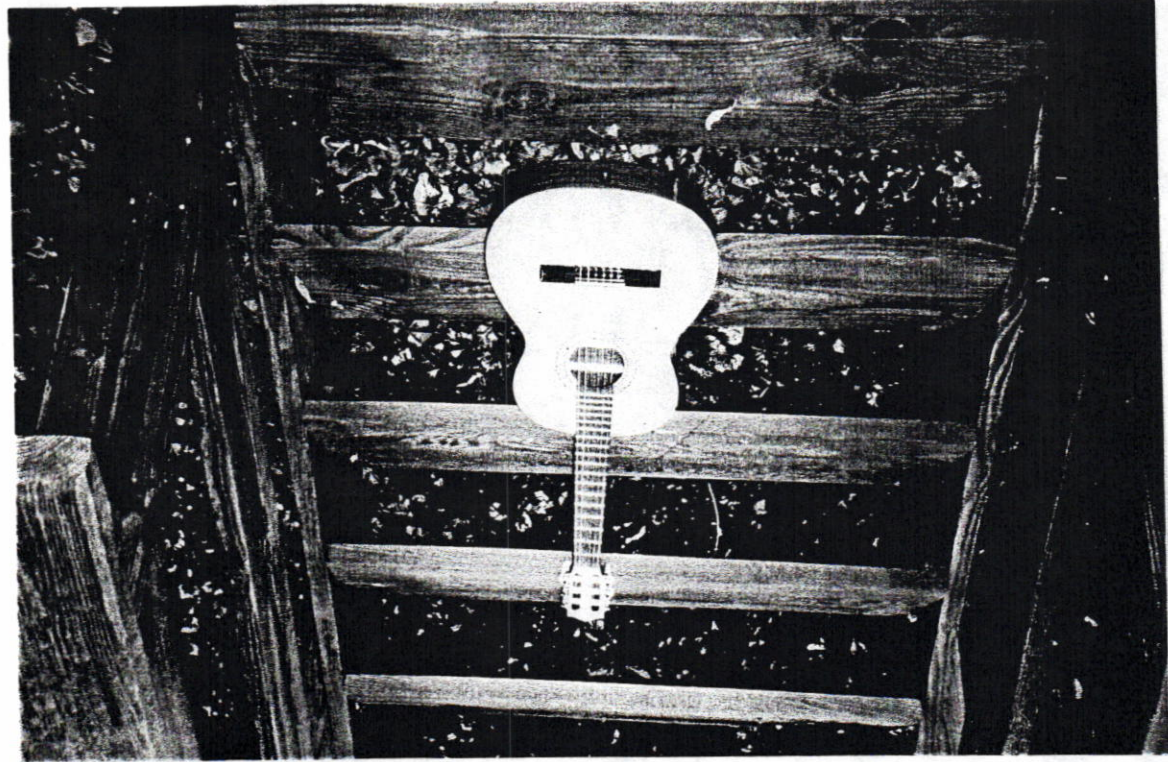


The word "whore" is over used in the American language. It has become a word that people use as a putdown, not as a job description or something else along those lines. I cannot for the life of me understand how if a woman kisses or hugs a male friend she has now become a whore. To be a whore you must get money or gain something from sexual acts. When people say that I'm a "ho" it is not mean that I sell my soul or I get payment for whatever I'm being accused of doing. Even if a person is dressed in something skimpy or is showing off some skin they become a whore. Now when was the last time a singer or an actress gets called a whore for wearing see through clothes or something very skimpy. Yes, parents may not like their children to watch the actresses' movies or buy the singer's CDs, but they do not lose their job over it or have people yelling at them as they go about their daily life.

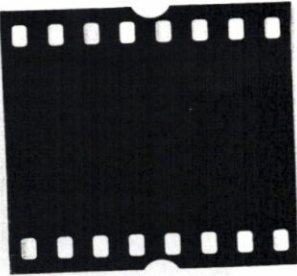
And I do not know many guys that will complain if an actress has a boob tube (aka tube tops) on, but as soon as a guy has a problem with his ex-girlfriend or just someone they do not like who is wearing one, they become a whore. Now this is a double standard, you do one thing and you can just as likely be called a whore as good looking. Can it just be that someone likes to show off skin and does not want to get in bed with you?



LAUNDROMAT
N.Y.
June '01



the guitar.
((09.00))



US

o set a positive tone for 2002. Your very own the 12th is the perfect catalyst for letting ve juices flow. You've got Mercury (the ns planet) in your sign this month; however, ls guru is out of phase until the 8th, so be r a few glitches. With Venus, the planet of love n, tugging at your heartstrings until the 12th, ime to focus on relationships and let loved ones w precious they are. The Virgo full moon on the hake things up when it comes to joint his isn't the best time to let your soulmate your checkbook or credit cards.

out you this month, as the bright and beautiful the tone from the 12th onward. With so much urroundin

. Just mak in a prett sneak in onfront a inner this . prepare 11 moon c c irrati

prgetic pl 11 month, e than ca hen again, l be extr l matters t around ow over y noon on t ities than help other could be

spent too ily-and ar and chair to reall instead, boost arou l profess ost of op cgo provid ts of rom

i the time is month if you want the world eating out of the ir hand. A new moon on the 12th, in your creative quarius, could bring the chance for travel or the experience will do you a world of good. Be or a little emotional drama on the home front 27th, when the full moon does her best to rock s foundation. If you say something that you regret, make sure an apology is the next thing r mouth--otherwise, wounds could take longer than o heal.

r little out of luck? The new moon on the 12th re you all the encouragement you need to enter .nt financial arrangement with a lover or friend. i tend to sit on the cautious side of the fence, you read the small print before getting too ay. With a full moon in the taking-care-of-business irgo on the 27th, the cosmic emphasis shifts to ion, short trips, and close relatives. There will

leo

Your enthusiasm is a great source of i people this month--just make sure you a end of the benefits as well. New-moon ti you could feel more positive about busi romantic liaisons. Whatever the pairin to make sure everyone knows where the expected of them. Leaving anything to you trapped in a tangled web. The full a great time to go for a new job or pa it-self-promotion has never been one challenges, and now is the time to ad to those in charge.

virgo

The new moon on the 12th could find you Professional or personal responsibility the world moon rolls try one minut . Keep a bo or the third al overload still have them off b

emotions- the new-moon written being se to feel J day. The fu hills in time-out ies.

th, and y admirers. -someone j just wh ive vibes he new moc d be a l 27th. If your pati he.

overtimec ay romanc found in ew where t too carrie work, your career and reputation come around full-moon time on the 27th. A g professional advancement might be com ready with all the right answers. A bri could also hold the key to some career. It is all about being in the right pla

capricorn

your ruling planet Saturn (the one tha with reality) moves forward on the 8t you feel a little more at ease. Cosmi favor on the 12th, when the new moon your very favorite subjects: poss ability. The chance to put something (or hit the stores) should be red-in! The full moon on the 27th gives a bi personal and professional expansion o horizons that open your eyes to a whol help increase your professional and F

I'm breathing and you're oblivious
To what's going on around you
I'm breathing, still breathing
And you haven't yet acknowledged
A single thing I do
I'm waiting in a hurry
Do you love me yet
Or have you not made up your mind
I'm waiting, still waiting
Please make it quick
Because I don't think I can face rejection
This time

Maybe she's
just pieces

of me you've

never
seen...

